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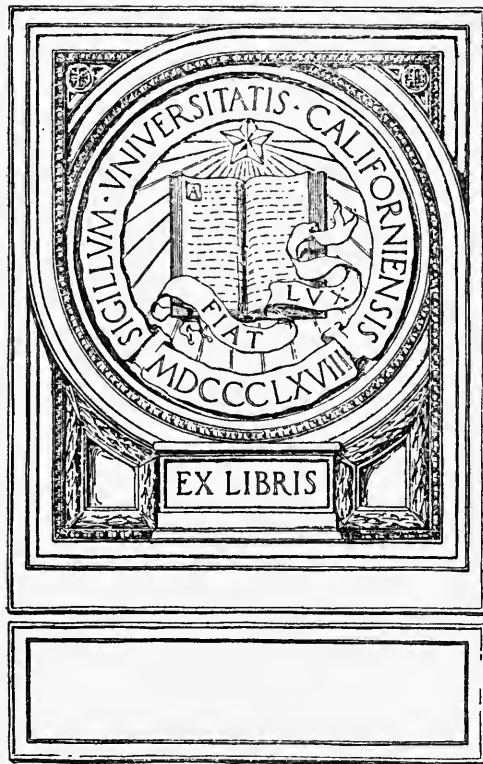


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"MY POLICIES" IN JUNGLELAND



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MY POLICIES
IN
JUNGLELAND

BY
FLETCHER C. RANSOM

BARSE & HOPKINS
NEW YORK

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By FLETCHER C. RANSOM

My Policies

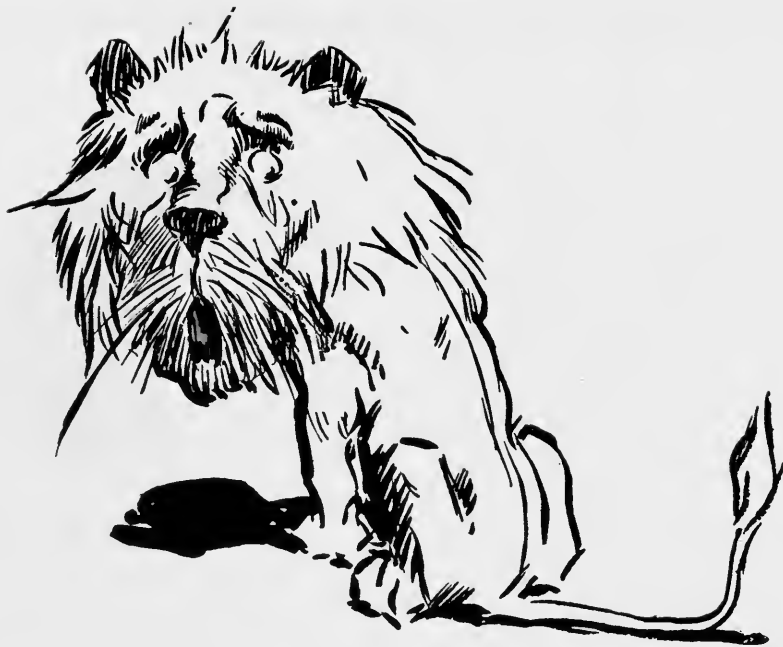
To T. R.

BUSIEST, *Bravest, Biggest Man on Earth.*
Red Blood of the Anglo-Saxon Race.
Product of Western Civilization. The Mighty
Hunter. Slayer of Untruth, Injustice, Hypoc-
risy and Crime. Human in every Fibre. Com-
panion to his Fellow Man. By the Grace of
God, Leader in the World's Progress.

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MY POLICIES
IN
JUNGLELAND

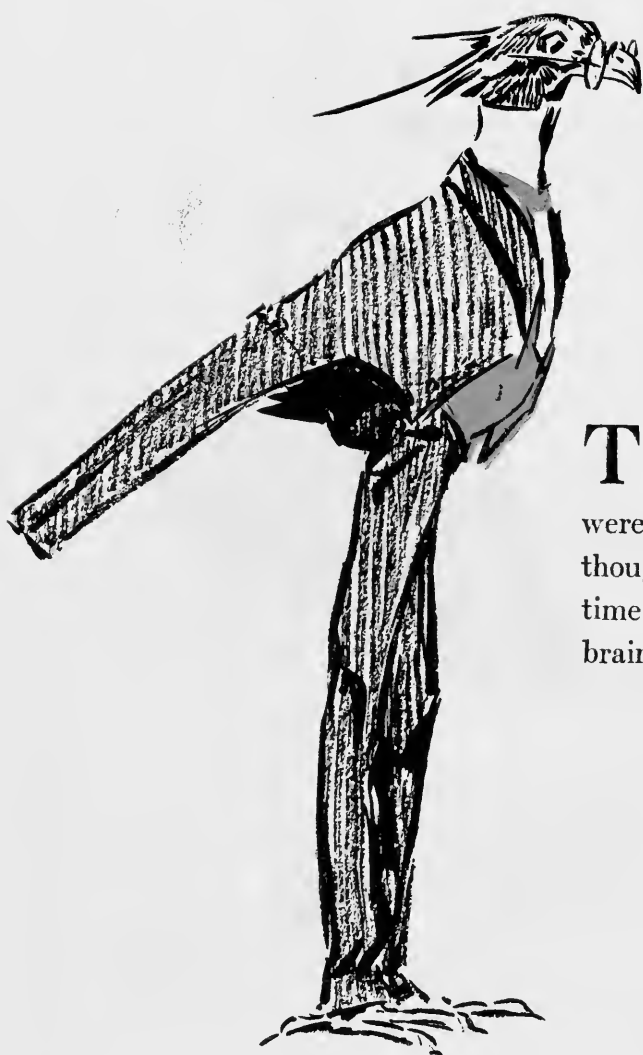




HERE I am!

Ladies and Gentleman and Fellow Animals—Delighted to be with you, in front of your smiling faces. I am no stranger to you. You all know me, anyhow, those that don't will before I get through. I'm here for business. Came all alone except for two Trusties. Two hundred and sixty-three others invited themselves but I declined the invitation. I am never lonely with myself, am I Profess? Ah, I forgot. I take great pleasure in introducing Professor Balboa, the world-renowned scientist, and my son, the champion shot '(snap shot)' of the world,—“Come-here” the boy wonder, Salute Us





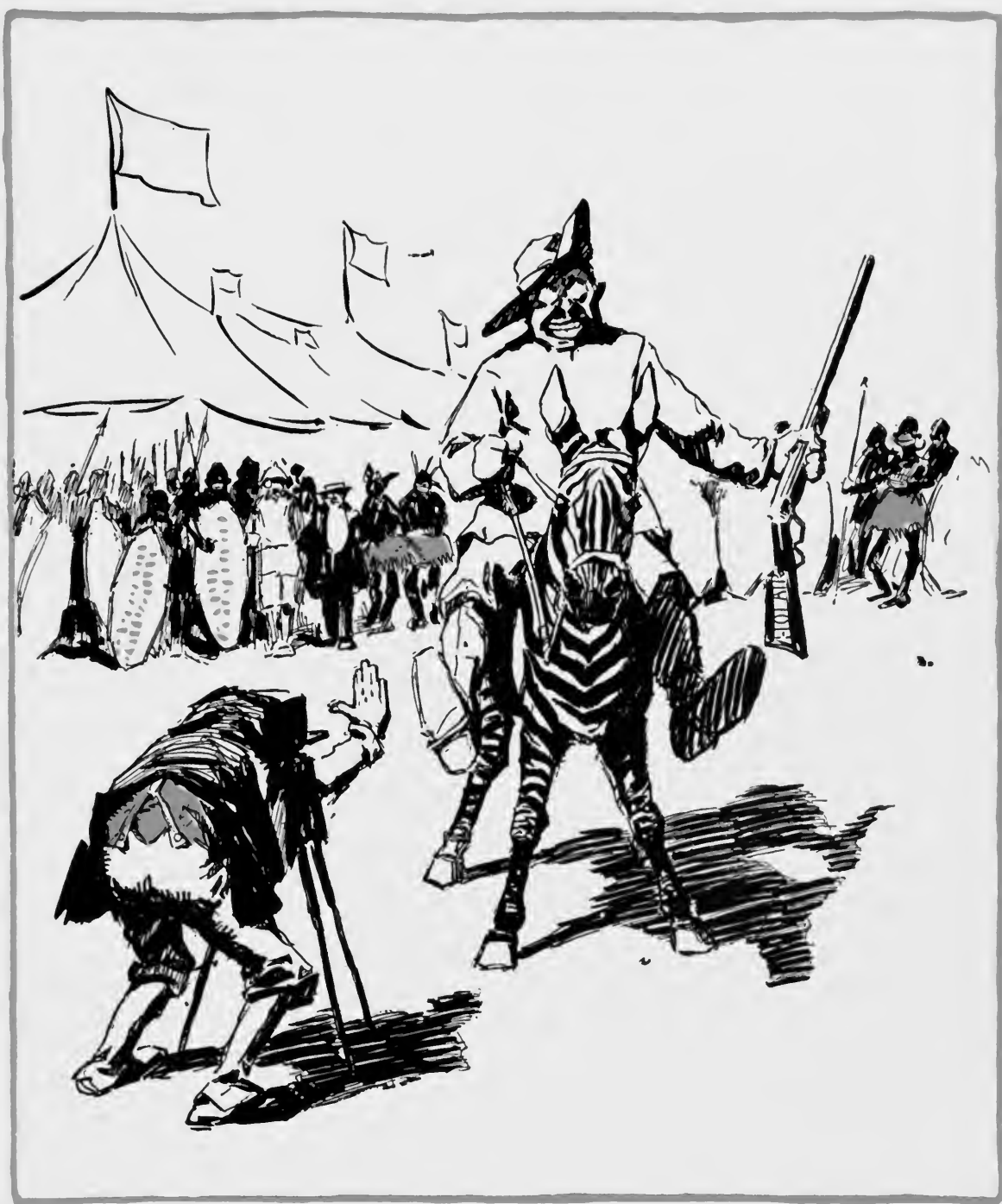
THE Secretary Bird.

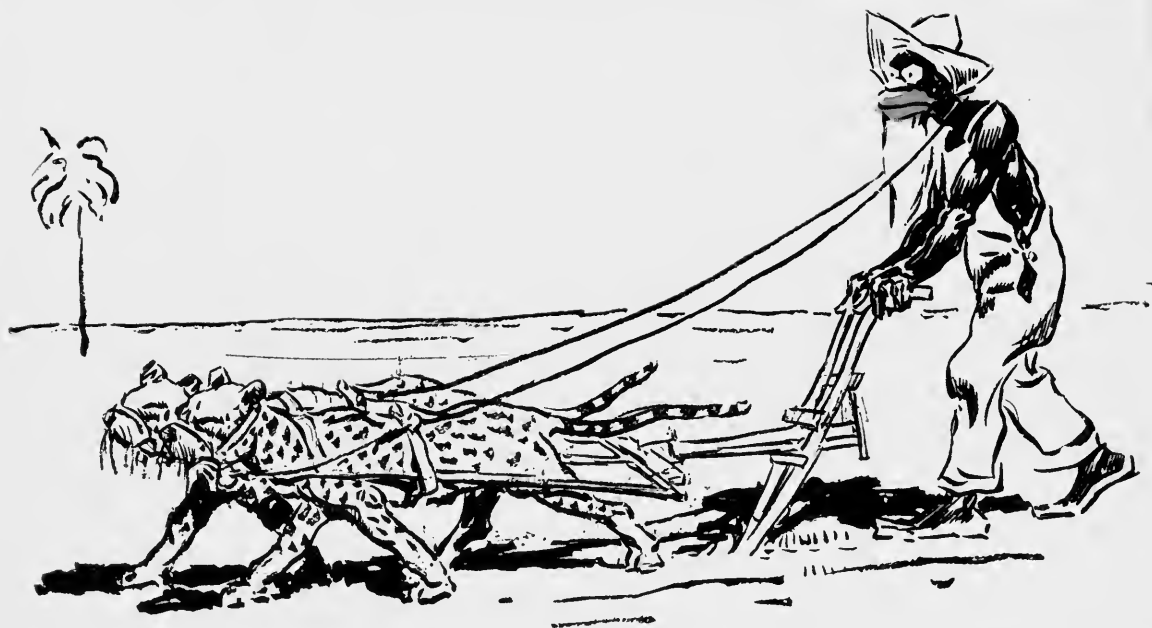
I have had Secretaries that I thought were birds, and have known secretaries that thought they were birds, but this is the first time I ever saw one, that was a bird. My brain has only one Lobe.



CHIEF Hula Hula, I consider this the treat of my life. Swallow the bait!

CHIEF Hula Hula had introduced himself the night before to a very saucy lion who had made faces at him. I collected two or three natives and advanced to the spot when suddenly I was challenged—Stop! I knew the voice. It was the voice of “Comehere.” Waving my hat and old gun “hot-air,” I halted—The signal worked. We were *in focus*—a bully plate might have been wasted.





THE Cheetah is a ferocious animal but can become domesticated. As my friend, Sam Hanks, said—"Look 'em in the eye, Colonel—They'll ketch your meaning."

WITH NATURE

I WAS alone among savages. Animals were waiting to eat me alive, nature everywhere. But I was happy, Oh, so happy! It was bully to see and to hear it at close range. My *own* thoughts were not of killing.



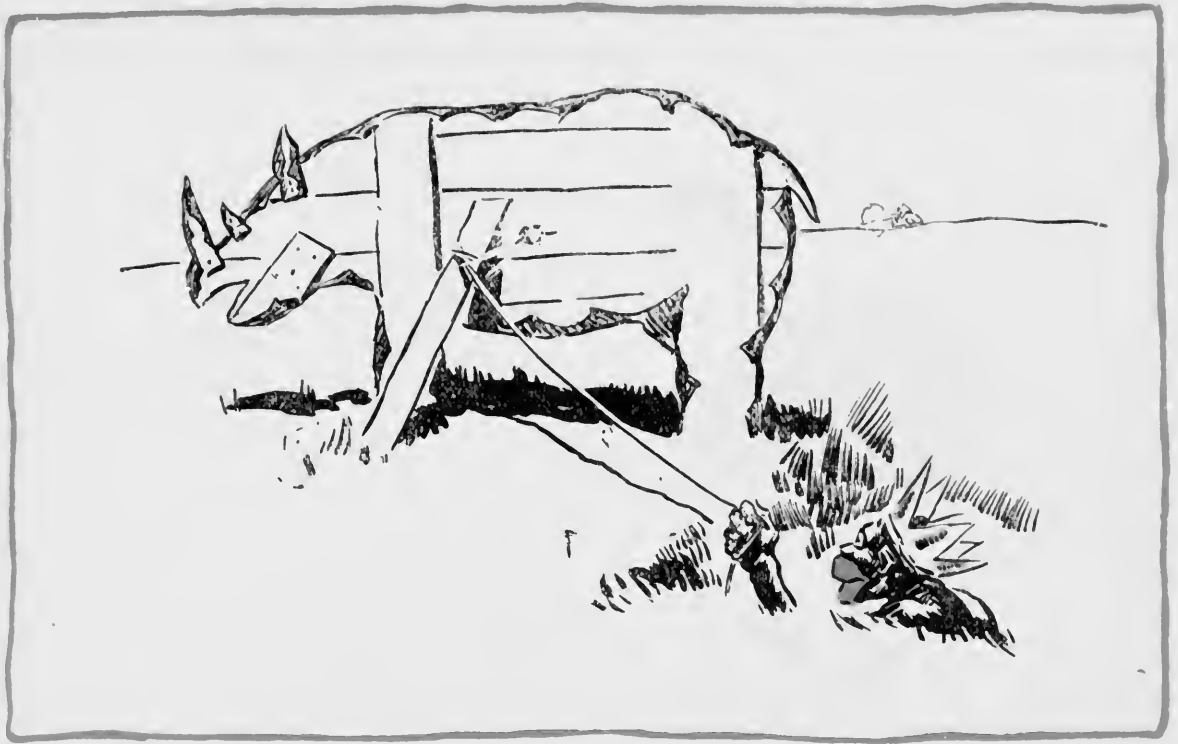
THE King says—"Teddy come on in—
The water's fine, let's take a swim,
Leave Balboa to guard your shirt—
And incidentally, my skirt.

The King was leading by a length—
While I was saving well my strength,
Half way across, by easy stroke—
I hear a shout from the old bloke.
Stop! Stop! The Expedition's a success—
I've found a frog, cries the Profess.
A frog that's got one spot to spare,
No other frogs with him compare.
Come back and look. So much I learn,
I'll write a book when I return.

Was I Mad? How do I look?









THE Crocodile is a curious animal, especially the female. One night after I had hit the mat, I was suddenly awakened by Gussie, our little pet. I put out my hand gently (as usual) in a playful way and fixed my eyes upon her. This will work with any amphibian or politician, and I have used the same with marked success upon other subjects slightly addicted to water—stock.

July, 1914
T. A. Priddy



I WAS taking a brisk walk when I happened to glance up and there was a huge Rhino. I would I might have added him to my trophies. But time was pressing. "Comehere" was expecting me home—soon!

MY WEEK POLICY



SUNDAY

I WILL NOT RUN

MUCH had I learned of the terrible sleeping fly but I said—"bring him on" and he was brought. Whenever I'm stung it is because I permit it. He stings me! Do I sleep? Bah! Was I ever put to sleep? Ask me! But the fly? "Comehere," work the camera while the faithful prostrate themselves.





MONDAY

I THINK I WILL NOT RUN

MY old friend Stork began telling me what a bully fellow I was and that he thought I was the finest advance agent ever for him and prosperity—no, posterity. I was delighted, but just then I remembered why I left home.





TUESDAY

I HAVE DECIDED NOT TO RUN

MRS. FLEA. Them's mine—all mine—my youngest. The rest wouldn't stay home. Anyhow, it's getting crowded. Don't give me any more advice, Colonel.





WEDNESDAY

WHO SAYS I WILL RUN

I GLANCE around to see if all is ready. Where is "Comehere"? Ah, there he is. I pause an instant. Thump! Thump! My heart? Never! I had often wondered if my nerve would forsake me upon confronting the King of Beasts—the lion. Not mine. Had I not met Hogitall, the King of Trusts? To-day I have but one fear. It is densely wooded. The light is not fast and the plate is precious. But—Bully!

("Comehere," you know the *ropes*; they must come out.)





THURSDAY

NOW SOMEBODY ELSE RUN

WILL they miss me or forget me?
Will they yell out, "What's the news?"
Will they photograph and follow?
If they don't, I'll bust "*Who's Whos.*"

THE Kudu is one of the wildest of the Antelopes, but he can be touched. Touching is an art—a lost art,—recalling a bitter interview—at home.



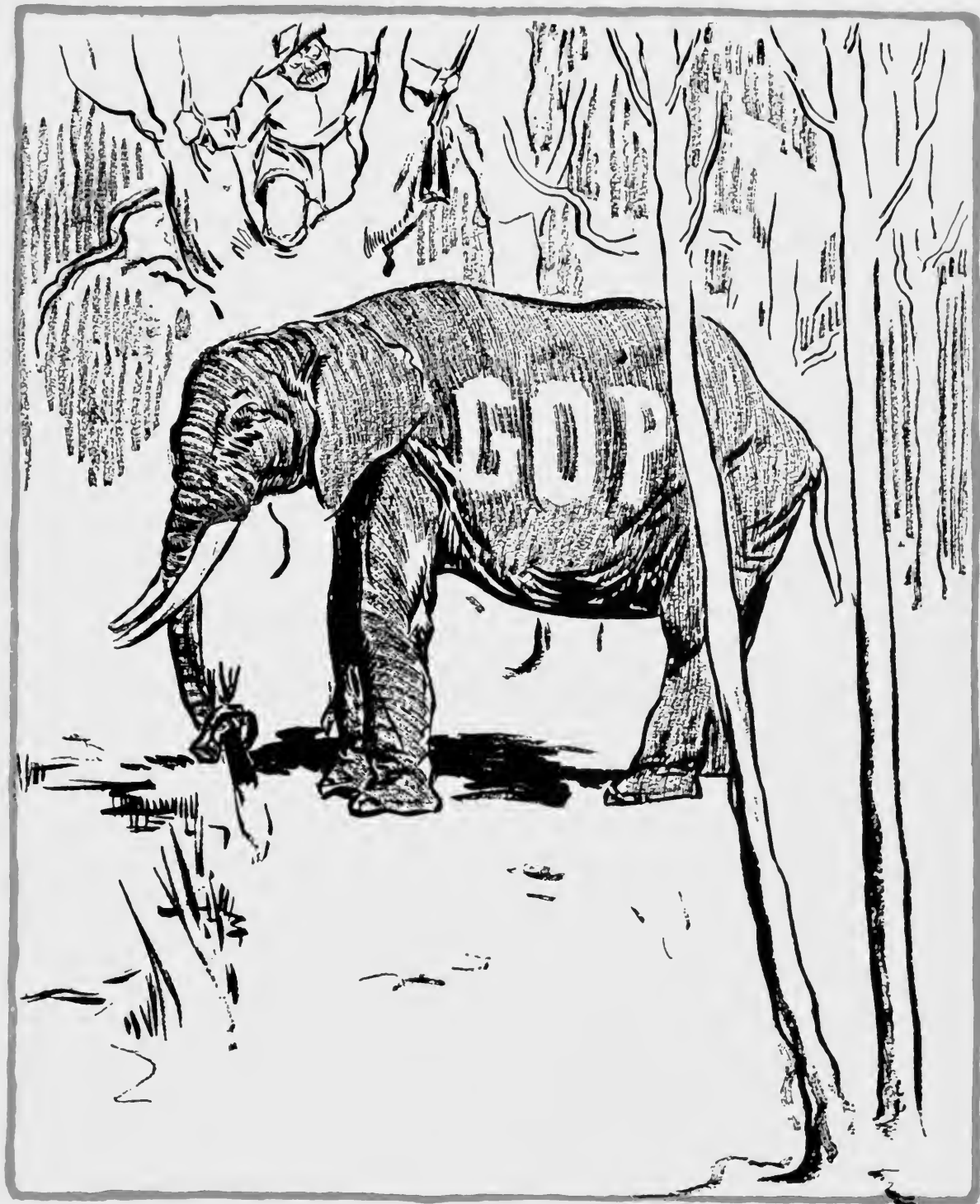


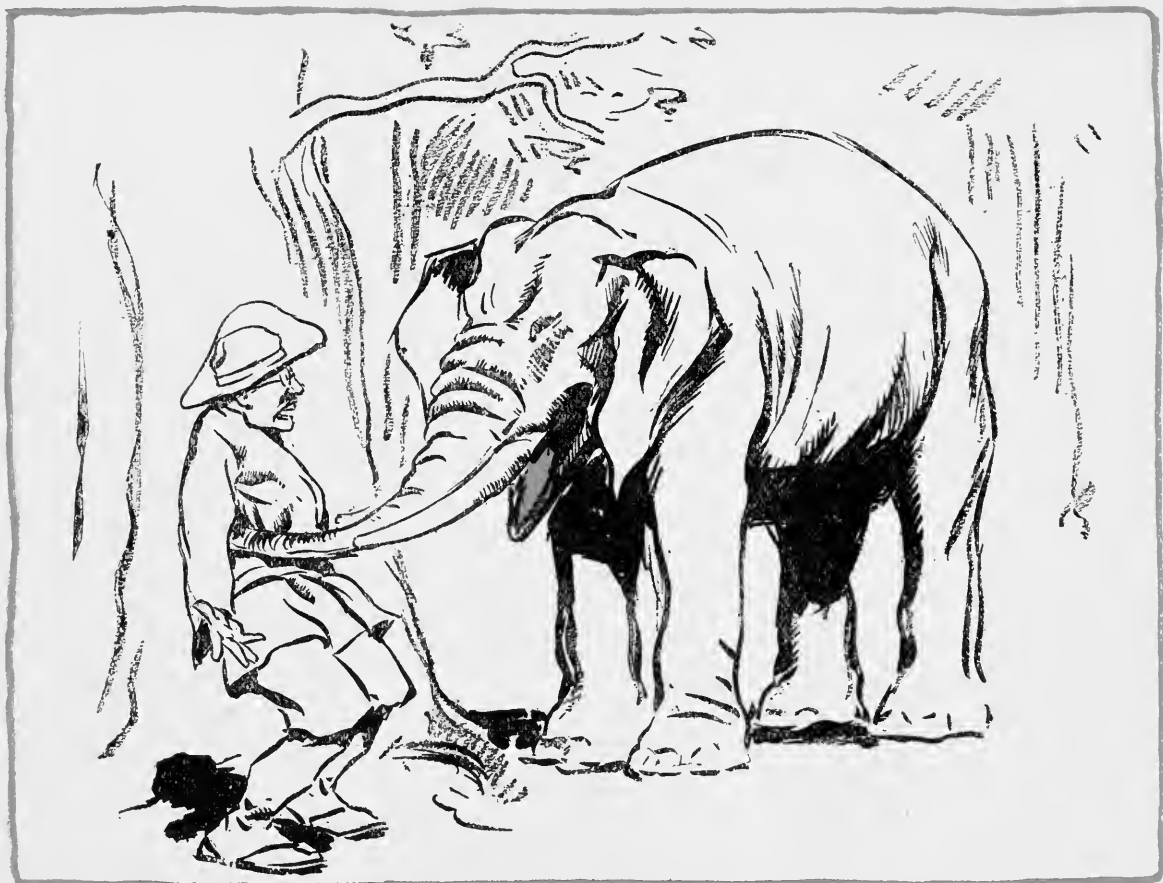
FISHDAY

WHO SAYS I CAN'T RUN

THE King, who I believe is a liar (as usual) had told me that a swell elephant puts symbols on his sides to indicate his position in society. I was watching at a lime deposit for the strange sight, and while I had not initiated the King into the Club, I was preparing to do so, when—Shades of Long!!!! Out came the beast—and proceeded to carry out the King's tale.

P. S.—(Sorry couldn't add King to Club.)





SATURDAY

DIDN'T I RUN ONCE

THE King says he to me,—says he—
You'll forget who you are, Teddie—Teddie—
Just take my job and rule,—if you wish,
I'm off to fish, to fish,—to fish.

So I take the Chair of State again,
And for a few hours recall what I have been—
There's not a Congressman over here,
The Job is a cinch—No election is near—
It's great to be on the throne again,
And to rule in the place of a King of Men.

But Kings have their troubles,
And so have I—
Here comes the Professor, with blood in his eye—
“Your Royal Highness,” he says,—says he—
“You'll grant me one favor,
I know you'll agree,
My own little wish is a trifle, you'll see.
Is there any reason on earth
Why I can't have one photograph taken,
By your wonderful snap shot man—“Comehere,”
He's taken three hundred of you, I'll swear.”

“Shut up!” says I to the fossilized One,
“You are all through, all through
Before you've begun—
You can't talk like that
To a King on a throne—
Get out, Get out, and bug it alone.”



I swear it is the same bully fun

To flourish the Big Stick

And see 'em run.

I wonder if I went back, **WHEW!**

Would they stand for it now

As they used to do?

I guess it's better to rule over here

Till the King gets back and asks for his chair,

Then I'll climb right down and go on with the game,

I'm playing here now—for additional fame,

Not as a ruler, but just as a man,

Who don't have to worry—and don't give a d—n!

OLD Joe,—Uncle Joe—that's his name,
With a hold like this, he plays the game—
He takes them alive and teaches them tricks,
By handing out tariff with mixed politics—
His hold is a corker,—I thought I knew *some*,
Till after the famous election was won—
He's a son-of-a—son-of-a—son-of-a—gun—





TIGERS in Africa!
Ha! Ha! Ha!



OOGIE a la Hula.

I have always shaken the conductor's hand, the engineer's hand, any old hand. I'm for the glad hand. It's my policy, my policy. So when Chief Hula dipped in and tried the stew, I rolled up my sleeve and tried it too.

(P. S. The Queen waited.)



UNCLE JOE



I HAD gone to a secluded nook with my trusty money-getter, and had just made two fortunes, when all at once my eyes became glued upon the most marvelous, most glorious snake. It was bully and in the dazzling sunlight I could but think of pictures gone—but not forgotten.



“‘**C**OMEHERE,” what have you been doing? Photographing the Professor? Cut it out. The Smithsonian Institution will have just *one* picture of him if he lasts the trip out and that will be in the act of writing his eulogy of me. Lord Duneasy, am I the whole thing or not?

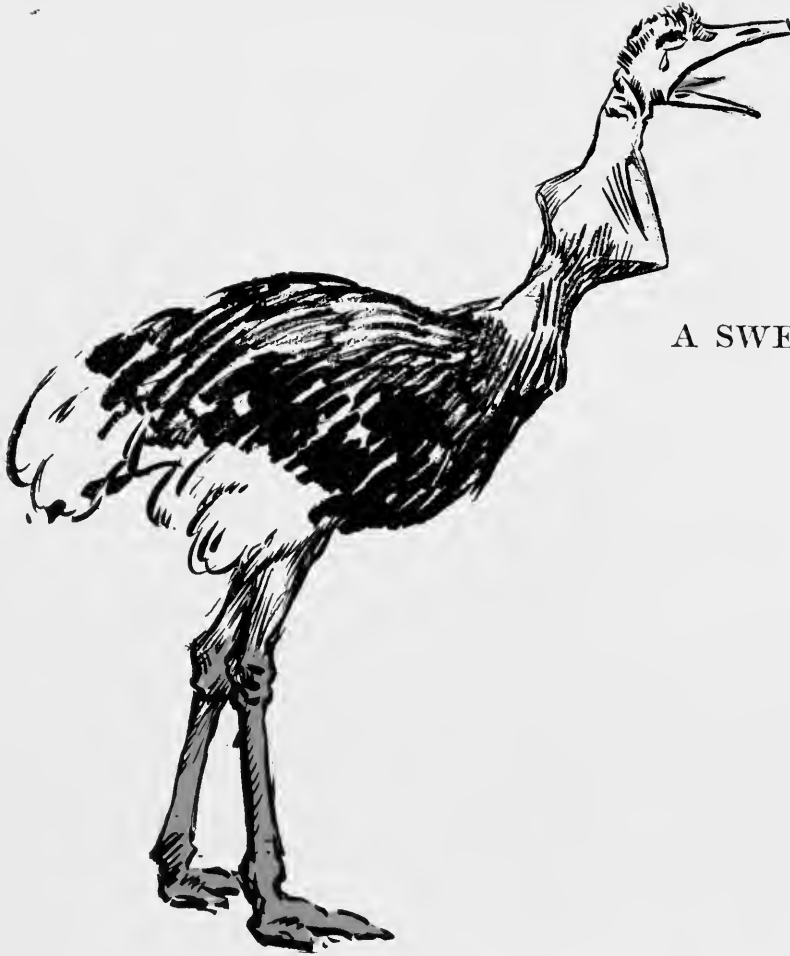




I AM



A MEMBER



A SWELL FRONT

THE Hippo is a dangerous Cuss to meet when he's excited. I captured this one all alone. The picture's copyrighted.



I HAD taken Chief Hula Hula to a *bank* to try my speech that was to be delivered to the various Universities. He said it was the strongest he had ever taken or stood for and that Indian Hemp was mild dope.







I WAS sitting alone by the sad, sad sea,
Thinking of home, of Bill and Me—
And the Grand Old—part—part—party,
When a little bird came chirping along—
“Te Wit, Te Wit, Te Wee—
Wake up, Siree, Siree, Siree,—
Bill’s buried your policy, I see.



WITH a face like this
And a merry smile,
A politician I would be,
I'd get the votes
And count the coin
Alone down by the sea.

I WAS very much delighted to receive a hint from the King to attend the Elephant Show and, thrusting additional honors upon me, he commanded me to escort his daughter who had just returned from a finishing school. I could not help thinking, as we marched proudly past the King's Guard, an estimable lot of young men (who, by the way, seemed jealous of me) what a sensation she would cause at Newport.

She was a decided brunette and plump, with full lips and retrousse nose. As we passed the King's box, he smiled, having dined very well, which made him in rare humor. It was bully!





I HAVE made men sheriffs, marshalls and postmasters for their ability to take things bare-handed, and it was up to me to make good. The Oogie, one of the speediest animals known, was the victim I wished to throttle. I came upon him in the Jungle. Cornered, there he was. All was excitement. The tension was awful. I heard cries of horror from the natives as I prepared to pounce upon him. In a moment it was over. I fell exhausted. The Oogie had lost.



NO 4180
JAN 19 1900

MY Noble Braves—Representatives of a glorious Country,—I am honored by this spontaneous outpouring of these Massive Masses to listen to the greatest tribute ever paid to that greatest of all institutions—the home. The Sanctity of the Home! How close to your hearts it is. Your very presence before me is evidence. Here's to one King, One Jungle, one Wife, one Home. (Thunderous Applause.

Walt Disney
The Poet

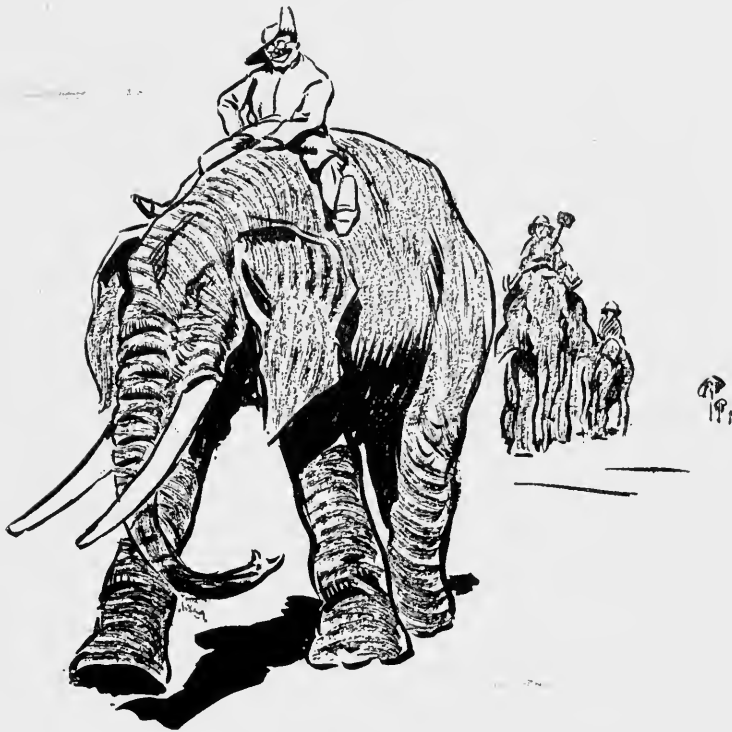


HANDS up! No money changes pockets here. These heads belong to me—
me—do ye hear? I get a certificate with every one.



GOOD bye to dear old Africa,
Which has furnished me so much fun—
Good luck still to the lucky beasts
Who have escaped my gun.

And now for the quiet life,
I'm off for Home Sweet Home,—
He rides just as easy as ever,
If you only know how 'tis done.



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